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MISTAKES

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OF

Grouer and Allan.

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"FAN INTO FLAME EACH DYING REBEL EMBER."

"ENCOURAGE THE NIGGER VOTER."

DUFFY
MALT
PENSION BILL
PENSION BILL
PENSION BILL
PENSION BILL

MISTAKES

—OF—

Grover and Allan.

Showing the Follies and Weaknesses of the Present Administration.

A GREAT POLITICAL SATIRE.

The Greatest Hit of the Campaign.

"Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."—BYRON.

DARLING BROS. & CO., Publishers,
DETROIT, MICH.
1888.

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The Voice From the Throne.

LIKE Byron in Don Juan, we want a hero.
And, finding nothing better, choose ourself;
Our popularity is nearing zero,
And we will soon be laid upon the shelf,
Unless we ape the self-anointed Nero,
And court the favor of the kings of pelf,
Or turn each critic to a living torch,
And scorch those censors who delight to scorch.

Those cursed critics! O how sharp their pens!
By Jupiter! they make us fairly writhe!
They picture us with a distorted lense,
And hew and flay us with their verbal scythe;
If we but wink, they rush forth from their dens
And pounce upon us (they're pernicious lithe.)
The soulless wretches have no charity,
They'd prick our bubble popularity.

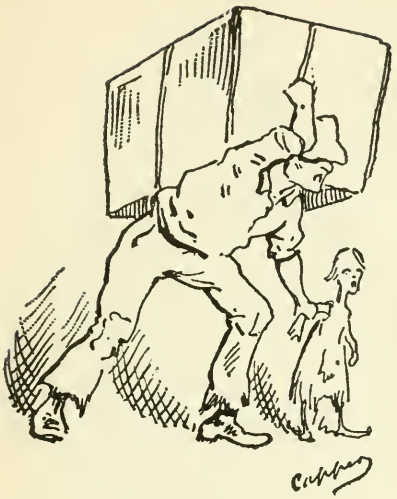
So we are forced to blow our own bazoo,
(We rather like to use the pronoun plural;
It gives the kingly purple brighter hue,
And makes us look divine to optics rural);
Then hail US chief, ye brainless, bootless crew!
The great dictator, pontiff, high-priest, cure-all;
A corner-stone on which to build or start a
Nation or a Democratic party.

They tell us that our brain's a trifle weak,
And that our apex is a lonely bump;
To be more plain, our head runs to a peak,
Similar to the dromidary's hump;
That, though we have a well developed cheek,
Our fittest cognomen is "Royal Chump."
But where's the use of any brains at all?
Success's surest talisman is—gall!

Like simple George the Third, we scarcely know
Why we're exalted, and it's rather puzzling
Why men of brains should bow so very low
To one whose chief accomplishment is guggling;
'Tis true, the patronage that we bestow
Is wondrous potent in its power of muzzling
The public censor; sycophants, 'tis known,
Delight to have a block head on the throne.

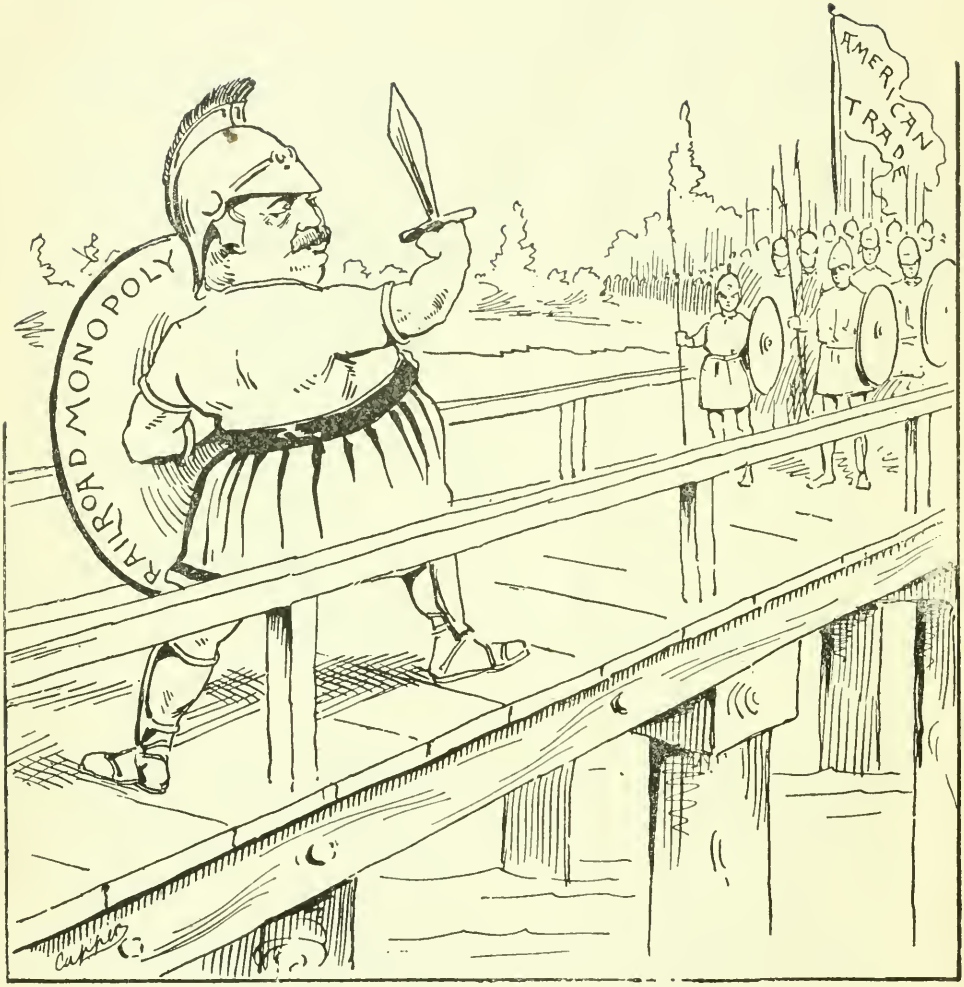
And as for us, why, we
shall ne'er object,—
Oh no—to whatsoever
exaltation
The groveling slaves and
sycophants select—
E'en to an imperial
coronation!
King Grover I. would
be a quite correct,
And to ourself, most
welcome appellation.
Thrice Cæsar did the
crown refuse—(the
dunce!)
But as for us—just let
them try us *once!*

2ND TERM
REPUBLICANISM
VETOES
RETALIATION
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
OBLIVION



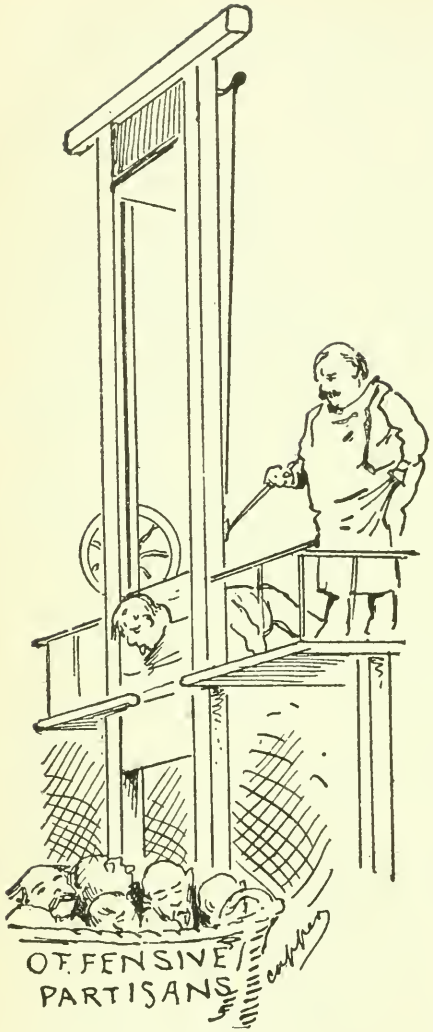
The laborer shall have full recompense,
And from the contract vassal be secure;
With prison contract labor we'll dispense,
And give each laborer a sinecure;
Each homeless wretch shall have a residence,
And no excuse there'll be for being poor;
In short, no promise will meet our rejection
That's likely to secure our re-election.

Our One-Term claim was a gigantic guy,
But worked most charmingly with the unthinking;
The *quid nuncs* knew 'twas wholly in our eye,
And readily discerned our subtle winking;
Like Joey B., we're deep and dev'lish sly
In ladling pabulum for public drinking.
When we put forth that One-Term *ultimatum*,
It was a Benedictine vow, *verbatim*.


RAILROAD MONOPOLY
AMERICAN TRADE

Dear Corporations, fear not for thy fate:
We do not reprehend thy lust of gold;
Thy millions, won by syndicate
And trust and combination, we are told
By demagogues, thou dost accumulate
By wicked strategems and methods bold;
But we proclaim thy combinations just:
A public office is a public "trust."

In proof whereof, *vide* our manifesto,
Forbidding shipment of all goods in bond
O'er English soil. It may be wrong to jest so,
But if the Senate haply should respond,
Retaliation, quick as wizard's presto!
Upon ourselves in dread force will rebound.
We, Horace-like, the Etruscans hold at bay,
And give monopolistic Tarquins sway.



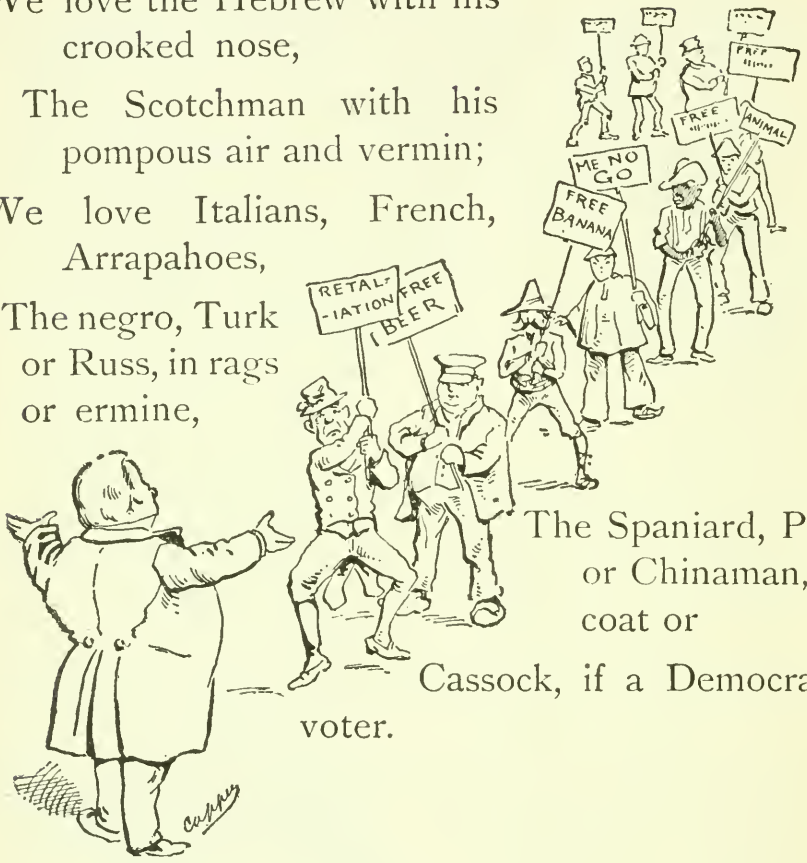
Our Civil Service reformation fails
To satisfy your carping Fadladeens;
And so all o'er the land we hear the wails
Of those whose heads beneath our guillotine
Have dropped; and each our policy assails
As hypocritical (plague on their spleen);
But we protest our cleaver martyrs none,
Except he prove offensive partisan.

We do admit our veto's been profuse,
We've been unmindful of the nation's dead;
Some who have had the hapless luck to lose
A limb or so, and thousands more who shed

Their blood in Freedom's cause,
we must refuse,
E'en if their little ones do cry
for bread,
For what's the bread in soldier's
orphan's mouth
Compared with ballots garnered
in a solid South?

We love the soldier, if he's Democrat,
And votes and works for our retention;
And in *his* case withhold our dread fiat,
And freely grant him and his heirs a pension;
We love the rebel with
his mammoth hat,
He hath a wholesome
voice for a conven-
tion;
We love the mugwump,
for to him alone
Are we indebted for
our present throne.

We love the Irish, and deplore their woes,
When not Republican, we love the German;
We love the Hebrew with his crooked nose,
The Scotchman with his pompous air and vermin;
We love Italians, French, Arrapahoes,
The negro, Turk or Russ, in rags or ermine,

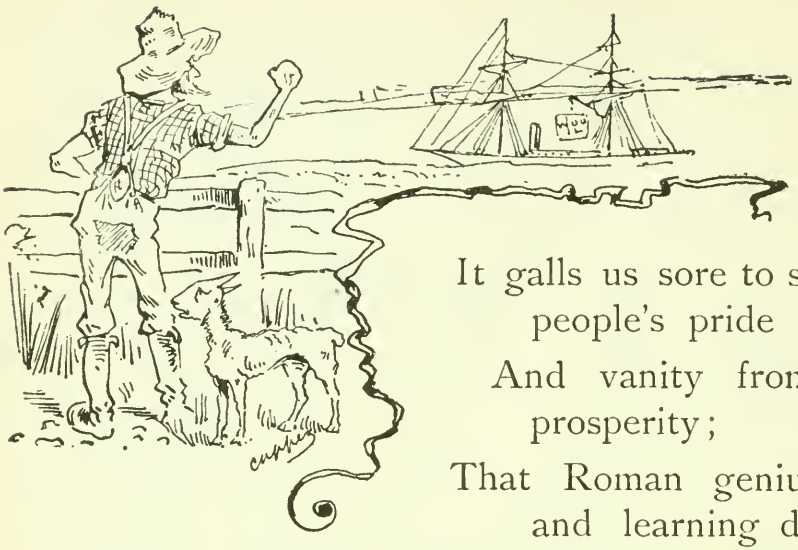


The Spaniard, Pole or Chinaman, in coat or Cassock, if a Democratic voter.

Of all men, though, we love the English best,
And this is why we advocate free trade:
Fair Albion's business is somewhat depressed
From being headed in her ruthless raid
Upon our manufactories; and lest

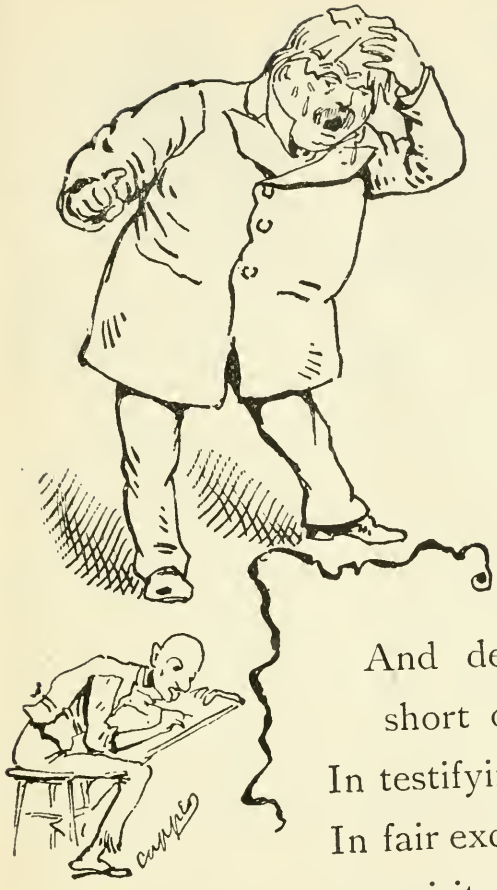
She should be ruined, hasten to her aid.
It matters little how our own trade suffers,
So we but bloat the bloated English coffers.

The Englishman loves us, next to his beer,
Or half-and-half, or ale, or beef or soul;
The "Thunderer" admits that no Premier
Has so advanced their interests, on the whole,
As did our message; and from ear to ear
Fat John Bull laughs,—the thing's so very droll,
To see a nation paupered by its chief
To give its bitt'rest enemy relief.



It galls us sore to see our people's pride
And vanity from o'er prosperity;
That Roman genius, wit and learning died
From over feeding, is a verity;
Contentment's but a people's ebbing tide,
While hunger spurs them to celerity;
Hence, we'll apply that potent pruning blade
That never fails to humble—'clept Free Trade.

'Tis true, on sugar we'll ne'er lower the rate,
But sweep the tariff from all sorts of liquor,
So all may learn to take their poison straight,
And feel the godly inspiration quicker;
And wool shall share in liquor's happy fate,
So that the farmer may soon cease to dicker
For living prices for his snowy fleeces,
And see each foreign grower grow a Crœsus.

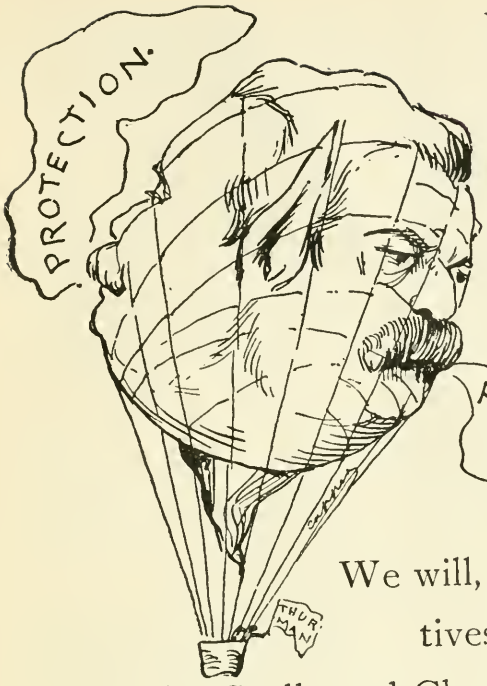


Some members of our
party, too, find fault
Because we play the
roll of party "boss,"
And hint at calling an
eternal halt
E'en at the risk of
ours and party loss;
Some growl because
we're fond of Duffy's
Malt,
And deem our action nothing
short of gross,
In testifying to the liquor's merits,
In fair exchange for samples of the
spirits.

We love publicity, and 'tis our rule
To use our utmost efforts to promote it;
We sweat dull speeches in the female school,
(It matters not what hungry scrivener wrote it);
We speak at fairs to show that we're no fool—
That is, we take a gazetteer and quote it,—
And whelm the gaping dolts in mystery,
How we should know their obscure history.

Thus we've made friendships in the Sunny South
With platitudes inordinately dull;
The yahoos listened with distended mouth,
While we with taffy filled them brimming full;
We praised their crops, spoke feelingly of drouth,
Their progress lauded—anything to gull
And so impress them with our deep affection,
That they will work and vote for our election.

Our Southern tour was an entire success:
At every point a patriotic crowd
Received us with true Southern heartiness
And hospitality that did us proud.
Chivalrous Southerners! how quaint ye dress—
Ye wear sombreros, and your faces shroud
With tiny curtains, to avoid the rays,
On which are blazoned three small mystic "K's."



What we desire (could we
express our meaning)
Is this: To keep all
parties in the dark
Upon the subject of our
faith or leaning
'Till we attain
ambition's
highest mark;
We will, till then—our inward motives screening—
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis steer our bark;
This line will smack of learning to the common herd,
Though of its meaning we know not a single word.

We're no free trader—though we say we are
Some stanzas back, and may seem inconsistent
To those who've kindly followed us thus far;
But we'd much rather you'd not be persistent
In making us a stationary star;
The fact is, we are truly non-resistant—
Prefer to be a shooting luminary,
That we may shift as the conditions vary.

For when your primal object's to deceive
Mankind, you can't be too mysterious;
Not comprehending, they will fain believe
Your mystic gibb'rish something serious;
Thus, if the priest his mummery should leave,
He'd cease at once to be imperious—
But this a theologic question raises—
We'll lose the Irish vote as sure as blazes!

But man has been, and e'er will be a dupe;
To learn the truth the masses are unwilling;
They would no more to kingly ermine stoop
Could they but penetrate the rotten filling,
Than they would drink a restaurant's cheap soup

When they had witnessed its unclean distilling.
And this explains why we are never wont
To trust to any save our friend Lamont.

Good Dan'l knows our heart, (if there, indeed,
In our anatomy be such an organ);
He also knows our weaknesses, and need
Of common sense, and so explains our jargon
Unto the world, that gaping millions read,
And mentally portray this uncouth gorgon
Somewhat more godly than the god Apollo,
And as to brains—would beat old Plato hollow.

Dan knows our inner life, and so discreet
Is he, the world imagines us a Cato;
Our sottish, unchaste life would prove a treat
To scandal-mongers seeking toothsome data;
But all who try to pump good Daniel, meet
The silence of a most discreet potato.
Some sins will out, and go forth to the nation,
And for these sins we ask extenuation.

Our sins, named in the order of their grade,
Are firstly, (doubtless worst of all), our vetoes;
And secondly, our message on Free Trade;
The third in line, returning those Palmettoes
(Or Rebel battle flags) to each brigade;
Our many other sins, are like mosquitoes,
Creeds and cranks, they thrive upon disaster,
The more you crush 'em, they increase the faster.

On dit the people's servants have been used
By us to do our private dirty work;
That, while official matters are confused
And sadly in arrears, each drudging clerk
With campaign documents is kept amused,

L. of C.

And dare not murmur, "peach" or shirk.
But public offices for public good
Are an inocuous desuetude.

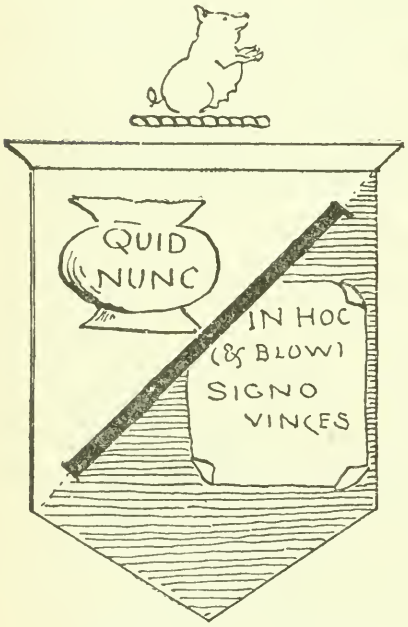
So if you're flesh, or aught
besides mere delf
Or wood, or metal, and
our unclean life
Should nauseating prove,
forget ourself,
And fix your gaze upon
our lovely wife—
She who from each apoth-
ecary's shelf

Angelic beams, the rainbow of your strife—
And should you deem *us* just a bit too rank a
One to claim your franchise—*vote for Frankie.*

The Old Roman.

"OLD Roman" am I called—a name, no doubt,
Suggested by a somewhat Roman nose,
Which is, although not just the classic snout,
Quite Roman like, in that it comes to blows
So frequently with that now famous clout,
The "red bandana" which we now propose
To proudly float upon the breeze's puffing,
And keep the party candle bright by snuffing.

The "red bandana"! What a proud ensign
To float above a noble victor's car!
In praise of it strike up ye tuneful Nine,
And herald forth its glory from afar;
Before it Godfrey's signet must resign,
The Roman Eagle and "S. P. Q. R.,"
Great Bruce's cross—all, all must come to grief,
And yield before a dirty handkerchief!

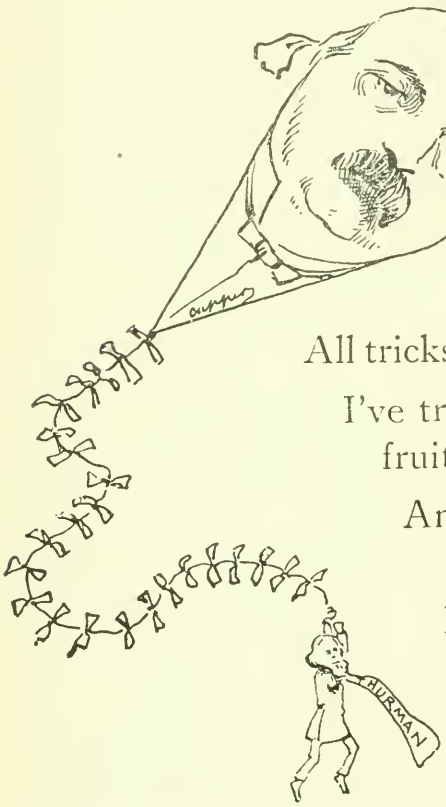


What signifies what former chieftains chose
To mark their valor or embalm their deeds?
The cross, the crescent, eagle, lily, rose,
The lions, dragons, serpents, rampant steeds—
We choose the symbol of a gen'rous nose,
Which meets the sanction of all tribes and creeds,
Save Japanese and tailors, I believe,—
One uses paper, 'tother one his sleeve.

None can deny our crest is apropos,
And fits us like an India rubber garter;
This motto added: "In *hoc*" (also blow)
"*Signo vinces*," (motto for a Tartar),
Will make a 'scutcheon worthy Ivanhoe;
This harmless banner never caused a martyr—
It never shed the blood of any fellow,
Save one owned by a black man named Othello.

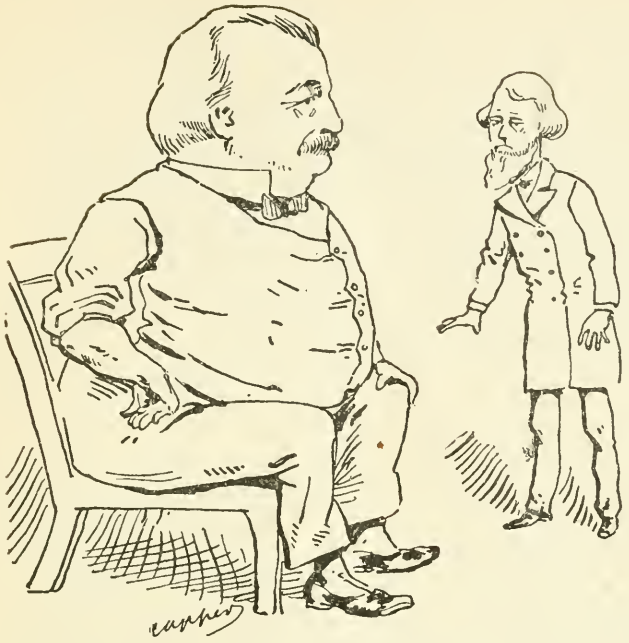
For Grover's 'scutcheon (as I have the knack o'
Fixing things and putting them in tune),
I'll choose, as he has never strode the back o'
Charger as a heavy or a light dragoon,

I'll choose, because, forsooth, he chews tobacco--
An inoffensive partisan spittoon.
Then watch our banners sweeping all before—
The "Red Bandana" and the "Cuspidor."



For forty years I've struggled might and main
To gain the White House,—'twas my life's ambition;
All tricks e'er known to politics in vain
I've tried to see my fondest hope's fruition;
And now just as life's orbit 'gins to wane,
I find myself in that most sad position
(Tho' President I'd rather be than right),
Of playing tail to an unwieldy kite.

And what is worse, his health is so robust
(That is, supposing his re-elevation),
I ne'er can hope to live to see him dust,



And thus be lifted to his lofty station.
So all that I can hope for, pray, or trust,
Is epidemic or assassination
To make me president; and fools, the sage in-
Forms us, are proof 'gainst murder and contagion.

To tell the learned world that I'm profound
In everything, from baseball to the bible,
Were doubting their own erudition sound—
Upon the av'rage intellect a libel.
I trace the roots of Greek into the ground,
(This information's for the unread rabble);
I know the Hebrew, German and Egyptian,
And modern slang of every description.

Italian, Russian, Arabic and Danish,
Sanscrit, Choctaw, Volapuk, Japanese,—

And as for classic Latin, French and Spanish,
I know them as I know my A B C's;
The Scotch or Gaelic—people somewhat clanish,
And like their language, not approached with ease;
But I read Ossian, a thing no person
Ever did, but me and Jim Macpherson.

But what proves most conclusive that I am a
Man of learning, with a soul sublime,
Is my devotion to the French-est drama—
In tragedy, or farce, in prose or rhyme—
I worship it as Hindoos do their Bramah,
The donkey thistles, or Jay Gould a dime—
If there's aught better than all else I do know,
It is Mollière or Dumas *fils* or Hugo.*

*"He is thoroughly versed in, and passionately fond of, the French drama."—*Life of Thurman.*

Though long opposed, this truth must still prevail :
I hold that negros are but animals *
But recently denuded of their tail,
And should be colonized with cannibals,
Or put upon the block at public sale
As slaves, and herded in so many stalls,
And made to toil 'neath summer's scorching rays,
Just as it was in ante-bellum days.

*"The negro is a prolific animal."—*Thurman's Port Huron Speech.*

Republics, some maintain, should ne'er hold slaves,
And they my doctrine knowing, will repel its
Force, although Sparta's democratic braves
For centuries in bondage held the Helots;
And reared their temples upon bondsmen's graves,
While bawling "Liberty!" like lusty zealots.
We want no negroes with Caucasians blent—
This ought to be a white man's government.

And now my faith and wisdom I've defined
Quite plain enough for any comprehension;
My knowledge rare and Bourbon faith combined
Ought surely claim the voter's strict attention.
Vote early and vote often, if inclined
Toward the Hobson's choice of the Convention,
And I will take my lowly proper station
At the table's foot, like a poor relation.

And now I'll say adieu until November,
When you, I hope, will rally at the polls;
Fan into flame each dying rebel ember,
And roast the carpetbagger on the coals;
Intimidate the nigger, for remember
They're only animals, and have no souls.
From torrid Pensacola to Savannah
The air make lurid with the Red Bandana.

16 Ap '09

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